TRADES AND PROFESSIONS

BY

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GEORGE HERBERT PALMER

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TRADES AND PROFESSIONS

TRADES AND PROFESSIONS[1]

WHAT is a profession, and how does it differ from a trade? We teachers pride ourselves on being professional people and altogether repudiate the notion that we are mere tradesmen. But do we quite understand what we mean by the distinction? It is important we should. A clear understanding of it will, I believe, deliver us from some of the petty hardships of our work or even carry us on through these to discover its exceeding glory.

The subject is one unfitted for oratory. Resounding sentences and uplifting appeals do not belong here. In this discussion we are to deal with delicate matters, difficult to trace, matters which oblige me to call on you for strenuous and continuous attention and on myself for the plainest possible speech. Perhaps I shall most easily lead you to comprehend the subtle though weighty

[1] An address delivered before the University of the State of New York at its fiftieth annual convocation in Albany, October 22, 1914.

distinction if I bring you to it in much the same way in which I originally came upon it myself.

Years ago as a young man I spent a winter in Italy and fell seriously ill. An Italian physician was called. I became warmly attached to him, admired his skill, and at length was able to say to my nurse, "He has actually cured me. The next time he comes I am going to tell him so and ask for his bill." She drew back with horror, "Oh, you would not insult the kind gentleman." "Insult him? No, indeed," I said. "Only express my gratitude and discharge my obligation." "But," she persisted, "he is not a tradesman. He makes no charge. He does not work for money, and you must not let it appear as if he did." "Still," I argued, "he has his living to earn. Does he not accept fees from his patients?" "Certainly, certainly," she said, "and of course you will offer him something to show you are grateful, a gratuity. But he could not make out a bill." All this you will understand occurred a great many years ago.

It set me thinking. I wondered if there was any similar sensitiveness in other professions. Then

I remembered how in ancient times when teaching first arose and bands of wandering scholars called "sophists" or "wise" men sought to enlighten the Greek youth, particularly at Athens, they were denounced by Socrates, Plato, Xenophon, and other high-minded men on a charge not merely of misleading the young, but of being so depraved as to ask money for instruction. They actually took pay for teaching, as if truth were a possession of theirs which they could peddle out and on which they could set a market price. What impiety! said Socrates and Plato.

Even in our time, I find traces of this horror of the professional man's seeking pay. It is bad form for a lawyer or a doctor to advertise. Advertising generally raises one's income. But that is the reason why it lowers a man's professional standing. Professional men should not be looking after profits, announcing themselves traders. The wares of doctors and lawyers are not commodities of the market. So, too, a while ago it was not uncommon for an author, if a sensitive soul, to decline payment for his books. The most popular poem in our language, Gray's "Elegy,"

was sent to the publisher, Dodsley, who eagerly accepted it and offered Gray a substantial sum. But Gray recoiled. Not at all. He had written it for no such purpose, and not a penny would he accept. Why, only within the last three years has there been payment of members of the English House of Commons. A long agitation and a radical ministry were necessary to bring it about. In America to-day some of our most important public business is carried on by commissions of unpaid experts. Nor does the time-taking and responsible work of our boards of college trustees ever receive compensation.

We may say, then, that all down the ages, diminishing, it is true, in degree, there has been a feeling that certain classes in the community should hold themselves aloof from pay. The trader seeks it, the professional man does not. I do not think this feeling regards money itself as foul, tainting the hand that touches it. The possession of it is generally counted honorable, even the open pursuit. He who enters business has no shame in announcing that he hopes to enrich himself; and if he acquires riches without trickery, he commands

respect. It is true we often hear laboring-men clamor against those who possess money; but so far are the clamorers from objecting to money that they complain that they do not receive a sufficient share. Indeed, one who enters business with any other aim than that of making money is apt to be condemned. I have repeatedly heard it called unfair for a lady of means to become a milliner or to take orders for delicate embroidery. She is popularly thought to have no right in the ranks of trade unless she needs money. Against entering to obtain this there is no objection. On the other hand, though a professional man must not aim at money, he is expected to reach a certain competence, and probably the incomes of the professional and commercial classes do not on the whole greatly differ. Where, then, lies the curious contrast between the two, and how can a moneyed line be traced along the gulf that parts them?

Reflecting on the puzzle, I come to this conclusion: the professional man expects to receive money, and ordinarily feels that he receives too little. Money, however, enters his life in a dif-

ferent way and for a different end. He does not, for example, do "piece work," as we may say, so much for so much. How awkward it would be if he did! I summon a doctor to my bedside; and after he has worked over me a while he says, "My fee is two dollars. I believe I have given you about two dollars' worth of attention and will leave." Or the minister says, "My salary is but eight hundred dollars. So I have written sermons of an eight hundred dollar quality. Do not expect better ones till next year, when my salary rises." Or if you teachers come upon some exceptional pupil whose ambition outruns his class, do you draw back and say, "I was paid only for ordinary pupils and cannot attend to your demands? For a dollar extra I would gladly push you onwards." If any of these three professionals should speak so, we should be sure they did not understand their calling. Yet exactly in this way the tradesman should speak. When I buy cloth of him and he finds he has given me two yards and a half instead of two yards, neither of us is shocked at his saying, "Well, I must charge you fifty cents more for

that." He assesses his payment by the piece, as a proportional affair. That is not the case in the professions.

How, then, in them is money given or received at all, if it is not to be regarded as payment for goods rendered? It is seen that the professional man must live while doing work which is manifestly of value to the public, and accordingly a stipend, fee, honorarium, or salary is provided to cover the expenses of that mode of life which is thought appropriate for him; the kind of life and the consequent scale of salary being designed to secure three essential elements in his work, namely, freedom, efficiency, and dignity. These elements, and not money, are what the professional man and his public regard. In comparison with them money is only incidental and auxiliary. So long as he has a due degree of freedom, is able to work with full efficiency, and can maintain the dignity which his calling demands, his mind is discharged from monetary considerations.

But because the public is niggardly, or perhaps unskilled in reckoning what these essentials of

professional work require, the professional mind is in fact continually distracted with thoughts of money, and necessarily so; for while money is only a condition of matters more important than itself, it is a *conditio sinc qua non.* A teacher with no money in his pocket cannot be free. If he is not sure whether he can pay his board bill next week, he will be pinched by that anxiety in the classroom, and his work will suffer. He cannot teach well with a divided mind. Through a competent income his thoughts should be left free to fasten on his teaching rather than on his purse. Worry dulls; dulls one who for his pupils' sake should be kept abounding and free. To preserve his highest efficiency a teacher should be able from time to time to escape from work, move about in other fields, become a simple human being, and accept the fervent interests of all mankind as his own: that is, he needs occasional vacations and sabbatical years; needs books, recreation, society, all in the interest of highest efficiency. Whatever of these is poured into him will come out as enrichment for his pupils. Yet all these things require money.

A certain dignity, too, is proper for those who work in the public service, and toward this money helps. We sometimes imagine that to influence our pupils most we should put ourselves on their level and be hail-fellow-well-met with them. Certainly we should be affable, ever showing a friendly spirit and keeping access between them and us constantly open. But, after all, ennobling influence comes chiefly from above. We must look up to one who is to form our ideals, and no one of easy familiarity will ever be of the same consequence as one who commands our respect through being a little removed from us. Now there is danger that the dignity which belongs to our calling, that dignity by which we are to exalt our pupils, may be damaged if we come before them in seedy coats, battered hats, and evidently meditating how we are to obtain our living. That is not a dignified attitude. Rightly, therefore, do we who have knowledge and the young in our keeping demand a salary that will insure our freedom, efficiency, and dignity. And what I have said of "our" profession is, I believe, applicable, with fitting adjustments, to the other professions.

All need money, often large sums, as what I may call a negative condition of their work. It is not their primary aim, but without it that aim cannot be reached.

As I look over the ranks of teachers I find that for the most part they are working on a scale of salary which is uneconomical for the community, because restrictive of their freedom, efficiency, and dignity. A few years ago I visited nine of the Western colleges, took a small part in their instruction, and so became tolerably acquainted with their inner organization. In few of them was the salary of the full professor above two thousand dollars. In several that of the president was but twenty-five hundred dollars, and in one the president, receiving a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars, paid back to the trustees six hundred dollars for his house. On such incomes teachers cannot do their best work. We expect, properly expect, that our calling shall not expose us to poverty. A result much better than that we cannot anticipate. No one should devote himself to teaching with any other thought than that his life will never rise considerably above the

edge of want. But I think we may fairly claim, in the interest of the public as well as of ourselves, that our salaries shall not sink below that edge, and that there may even be a few prizes offered above it.

Fortunately the justice of this claim is now more generally felt, and college presidents are everywhere attempting to raise funds for the increase of salaries. These they now perceive to be more effective than buildings in drawing students, fashioning them to manhood, and winning honor for the institution that trained them. Whether, therefore, we care for money or scorn it, we ought in the interest of education to use our utmost influence toward raising the salaries of teachers. In some other professions I suspect similar conditions prevail.

Hitherto I have spoken only of the negative conditions of our work, the conditions of freedom, efficiency, and dignity, without which it becomes impossible. But let these all be present, positive interests attracting us to our work will still be needed. What, then, are these positive inducements to a professional life which distinguish it

from the commercial? They are many, but let us confine our attention to-day to the three principal ones. I understand that we become professional men, and especially teachers, — for I regard teaching as the greatest of the professions, — because we wish to exercise our powers, with a view to benefiting the community, and in loyalty to a growing brotherhood. These three controlling purposes, however darkly expressed here, set a sharp contrast between the mental attitudes of the professional and the commercial man. The attainment of them is the one reward he seeks. All other payment is merely collateral. Let me say a few words in regard to each.

Strictly speaking, every sound professional man, every sound teacher at least, is engaged in his work for the fun of the thing. I became a teacher because on the whole I liked this better than anything else. It suited me, and it has suited me better the longer I have taught. Sometimes I think I should hardly care to live if I were not a teacher. From my height of teaching I look down on other struggling mortals, busy with their inferior interests, and I do not think much of them.

Many years ago I wrote that Harvard College pays me for doing what I would gladly pay it for allowing me to do. And this was only a vivacious statement of the general principle that the compensation of the professional man is measured by his inner outgo and not like the tradesman's by his external income. Conscious of our powers, we see in some profession an opportunity to exercise them, and to it we turn with an eagerness which gives zest to severe toil. So one becomes a painter because he wants to paint, a scientific man because he wants to know, a teacher because he wants to practice his delicate art of impartation. Such are the fundamental desires of good professionalism. The notion of benefiting somebody comes afterwards. Primarily we are moved by the feeling in our bones that we were made to do just this thing. In all that is worthy, a belief in predestination attends the best results. "To this end was I born and for this cause came I into the world," said the greatest of teachers.

Some candid teacher may reply, "Yes, I recognize something of that sort in myself, but you ex-

aggerate. Often it is not in me, sometimes I even feel bored. Again and again I wish I were out of teaching and in some other profession." I must sadly acknowledge that this is the way with us all. We fluctuate, and find our work first-rate only in those blessed seasons when the passion for it is upon us. But determination can lengthen these seasons and make them more secure. Almost everything on which we put our mind, studying it long enough to explore its interior, will disclose its attractions. The trouble is the moment we begin to feel uncertain whether we care for our profession and detect in it that irksomeness which every noble work contains, we are apt to turn our attention away and seek relief elsewhere. But permanent relief can be had only by turning right toward our job, finding out all that it contains, discovering its fresh possibilities, seeing how many sides of us have not yet gone into it, and letting it draw on us for all it will. The teacher like everybody else, must learn to distinguish between his moods and his predominant aims, and hold himself believingly to the latter through all the vagaries of the former. Our times of suc-

cess are alone trustworthy, revealing as they do our capacities and the joyous fitness which may be brought about between them and our work. Expression of ourselves cannot be had in an instant. It is an affair of time and growth, though a half-blind consciousness of the direction in which it may be found is what prompts the first step toward it.

But how different from this professional attitude is his who works for pay! With him the activity is merely instrumental, money the object. With the professional man money is instrumental, the employment of his powers the aim. Something disagreeable needs to be done. It is nothing I care to do. But doing it is less disagreeable than going longer without money. I accordingly undertake it, receive the specified payment, and am content. A large part of the work of the world is of this kind. The laborer goes to his factory, his gravel-pit, his shop, not ordinarily, I suppose, because he finds there the form of exercise, the type of interest, which engages him most. He must have a breakfast to-morrow. Very well, he will endure this toil in order to eat that breakfast. A pro-

fession, on the other hand, if rightly entered, is no obnoxious but a glad affair, being the channel through which what is best in us is provided a natural outgo. The work itself is our reward, for each day in it we gain a little greater mastery of ourselves. All we need is to be supported while at work. Pay is desirable. So much, at least, as shall give fullest freedom, steady efficiency, and that honor which should ever accompany excellence. But money is not the main thing. What we are thinking of is the chance afforded to do what we are best fitted to do.

Still, nothing in the world is good which is not socialized. No one can live for himself with permanent satisfaction. If as a teacher I seek merely to exercise my own powers, heedless of my students, my powers will not be exercised. Regard for another is a factor in the regard for self. The two cannot be divorced. When we attempt it, each perishes.

So I was obliged to specify a second aim of the professions as benefit to the community. Need, want, suffering, are all around me, and, full of pity, I dedicate myself to bringing about better

conditions. All the professions have this redemptive character. The minister finds men belittled by sin, and persuasively proclaims the infinite mercy of God and his readiness to lead whoever trusts him into abounding life. The doctor is distressed over our aching bodies, and would relieve them of their pains. The lawyer — the upright lawyer — perceives the tangle in which justice is apt to present itself, and sets himself to find the straight path and to protect those who walk in it. And we teachers, seeing the misery which attends a lack of knowledge, make it our business to war with ignorance and to furnish the aspiring young with that knowledge which opens to them happy and powerful lives. The scientific man and the artist are redeemers too, in their several modes. No less than we they would save mankind from a low order of living. This passion of redemption should fill us teachers and make us insist that whatever benefits we receive in our work shall never be sundered from those which we bestow.

And since throughout the professions our own gains from practice go hand in hand with the gains of him whom we would redeem, we should

be foolish to guard our giving, restricting it by fixed measure, so much for so much, as do tradesmen. They part with precious goods and justly claim compensation for their loss. We have no other merchandise than ourselves. The more of this people will take, the better we like it. Let my students, then, use me to the full. I shall incur no loss. By their demands I get the very chance I want. When at the close of the prescribed hour my pupils crowd about my desk, asking for further explanation and disposed to develop the subject of my lecture, I am pleased. And if I see that these pupils are accepting my guidance, adopting the ideals which I have formed for myself, and trying to adapt them to their less mature lives, I feel myself rewarded. In our work altruistic and egoistic profits coincide.

There is always danger that the public mind will become confused on this point and assume without reflection that the methods applicable in the professional and commercial spheres are the same. Under the delusive call of the half-understood word "efficiency," a kind of epidemic swept over the educational world a few years ago.

Teachers were ordered to fill out blanks reporting the detailed amounts of their work, with a view to adjusting salaries accordingly. In this reckoning quantity was to be everything; quality did not count. How many hours did we teach? How much time was given to preparing a lecture? How much to administration? How much to reading written exercises? How much to meetings with students? Now it is evident that if we are engaged on "piece work" and are to be paid so much for so much, these inquiries are of first consequence. They are precisely those which every sensible merchant makes of his employees. But it is equally evident that any teacher willing or even able to answer such questions demonstrates his unfitness for his place. When preparing a lecture shall I keep my eye on the watch and pause when it shows the amount of time I am paid for? Or shall I, through my interest in the subject, press on exploring it, regardless of time spent. When a student brings me his perplexities shall I answer those only which can be included in the compensated quarter-hour? There is no surer way of degrading our profession than to put it

under mercantile rules. A teacher should be chosen on grounds of scholarship, experience, and professional spirit, and then be trusted. Inspection and measurement check his inclination to say to his pupils, "Here am I. Take me. For your sakes I am here. Take all of me you want."

But besides the desire of the professional man to exercise his powers and so to realize himself in his work, besides his wish to seek out the needy and supply their wants from his own abundance, — besides the inevitable blending of these two aims, — I mentioned a third, but expressed it in rather enigmatic terms. I said that every professional man lived in loyalty to a growing brotherhood. This phase I must now explain.

It is significant that we do not say "a professional." Even the word "professor" takes on a special meaning and indicates a certain academic rank. Our common term is "a member of a profession," plainly indicating that he who deserves to be called such is no longer a merely individual person. He has merged his individuality with that of others and now belongs to a troop,

a company, a brotherhood who possess a common stock of knowledge, common purposes, common standards, which are continually growing and to which each member of the brotherhood is expected to conform and contribute. To the criticized maintenance and advancement of this brotherhood all else is subordinated. You, for example, are here to-day because as members of the teaching profession you know you cannot do your work well out of your own heads. To a large degree you are dependent on those who are teachers already. Knowledge of our beautiful art has been accumulating from generation to generation and now furnishes the common stock from which we all draw. Accordingly we write books about teaching, establish educational journals, hold assemblies like this, and coming together report what each has discovered to increase the power of our common calling. Each speaks here not of "my" profession, but of "our" profession, and labors to advance rather it than himself.

Notice, for example, how medicine has advanced in our time. Each physician is alert for

discovery. Continually engaged in research, he considers that whatever he learns does not belong to him, but must be reported at once in the medical journals and be at the disposal of all. If a physician attempts to lock a discovery up to himself by patenting, we look askance at him, count him not quite professional, and declare that he does not understand the loyalty due to his colleagues. Just so is it with the minister, the artist, the scientific man, with all indeed who engage in professional work. Each draws from a common stock of accumulated knowledge and ideals, and feels an obligation to contribute to that common stock. Even the professional robber, whom we contrast with the amateur thief, gets his designation because we believe his evil ingenuity and daring are not all his own, but have been studied and formulated in a league of rascals.

This loyalty to a growing brotherhood, at least when its aims are worthy, exalts us and imparts to each a dignity which comes in no other way. There is a great saying of Goethe's, "Be a whole, or join a whole." The first half of it is a mere

counsel of perfection which does not regard possibilities. Few of us can be a whole. Can any one? We seem compelled to one-sidedness, obliged, in order to develop ourselves at all, to move strongly in certain directions though knowing that we thus check other worthy aptitudes. It is, therefore, perpetually important to bear the second clause in mind, "Join a whole." Our blessed whole is the teaching profession. Joining that, my defects become comparatively unimportant, being supplemented by the powers which you possess, which the other man possesses. Each of us may bring something from his own experience and contribute it to the common stock of the teacher's art. In teaching there is no higher, no lower. It is all one. Everywhere the same artistic conditions are to be met. And each of us, in proportion as we do our work wisely, is helping all others to do their work also.

And when the wholeness sought by an individual is found in loyal identification of himself with the best tendencies of his profession, it is astonishing what dignity and power become his. The process is most easily traced in the case of the

soldier. The loafer of the back street enlists, puts on the uniform, and goes forth a new man, compelling us to wonder how he can be so brave, so ready to risk his life for a cause. But do we not forget that it is not the individual man who is courageous? It is the member of a regiment, the wearer of a uniform, to whom the cause is precious. So it should be with us soldiers of knowledge. We are members of a growing brotherhood, and do not teach as solitary adventurers. We are not wise enough for that. It is through our profession that we are rendered stout, for from it we get and to it we give in indistinguishable degrees. Often we must say, "What is there that I have not received?" for through union with our fellow teachers we become powerful. Since, then, we cannot each be a whole, let us join a whole, and so attain that dignity, that superiority to our own detached selves, which comes only through whole-hearted loyalty to our profession.

Such, I conclude, are the fundamental differences between the commercial life and the professional life. The man of commerce possesses something which it would pinch him to part with,

or he is called on for work which is disagreeable to do. To make him a little better off than before he claims compensation. The professional man, on the other hand, parts with nothing, he himself being his only merchandise, and the giving of this rather increasing than diminishing his precious store. The work asked of him is that which he especially delights to do, all the more because it assists the needy and unites him with a body rich in tradition and progressive temper. It is easy to fall into error here and to imagine that the professional man is one who is busy with mental work, the non-professional with manual. But though the intellectual factor is usually larger in the professions, there are few of them which do not require much physical exertion and some a high degree of manual dexterity; while what is called manual labor continually suffers from a lack of the mental alertness which should be its regular attendant. No, the distinction does not rest on a contrast in the kinds of work performed, but on a difference in the attitude of mind as regards compensation while performing that work. The kind of payment sought

by the professional person is that which Tennyson, in his little poem entitled "Wages," attributes to the virtuous man everywhere: —

> "Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
> Paid with a voice flying by, to be lost on an endless sea —
> Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong —
> Nay, but she aimed not at glory, no lover of glory she;
> Give her the glory of going on and still to be."

That is, the wages we clamor for, the glory of going on and still to be. And when, as so often happens, we must ask for an increase of salary, this is not meant to bring us more riches, fame, or even comfort. These were put aside when we became teachers. We want the means for bringing out our powers more fully, for rendering them more effective, and for enabling us to hold the dignified place in the community which our calling demands.

But there is one important part of my subject I have not touched yet. How many professions are there and what are their names? The great four which we ordinarily think of as types of all are preaching, teaching, medicine, and the law. Nowadays, too, we should probably include under

medicine the admirable labors of the trained nurse, and perhaps be inclined to place as a kind of intermediary between the minister and the lawyer the philanthropist and publicist, as those who study the well-being of the community. But shall we not, then, be obliged to enlarge our list considerably, and include in it the entire field of science and art as peculiarly those in which the professional spirit is manifest? The painter who paints for the money his pictures will bring is no artist. He must paint for his own sake, because that is what he wants to do and with an understanding of what has been done. Of course he must live, and he will be glad when one of his pictures brings him a large sum, for that will give him leisure to paint better still. Just so the scientific man joyfully explores unknown fields and makes a small contribution to his constantly growing science. If he ever comes to wealth, he will be equipped for pressing on farther. But, after all, he will feel, as Professor Agassiz once said, that he cannot afford the time to make money; he has more important business in hand than that. Such is the professional spirit in science and art,

raising the practitioner in these fields at least to the level of the doctor or minister.

But I suspect when we have made the number of professions so large, we shall begin to notice how within them a professional spirit appears in widely varying degrees. It seems more legitimate for the architect, the actor, or the novelist to look to his gains than it does for the poet or the doctor. Even the painter, bargaining over his picture, does not shock as does the minister who leaves a needy parish for a wealthy one. We warmly commend the professional man who is indifferent to monetary gain, considering only the enjoyment of his work, the benefit it brings to others, and his responsibility to his order. But we do not expect such indifference of all, admitting that there are halfway houses between professionalism and commercialism, and that highly respectable trading-booths often stand on the same ground where artists dwell. Many men, and still more women, take up teaching for a brief season, not through any taste or fitness for it, but because they find in it the readiest means of support. They frequently work hard,

are entirely frank in acknowledging their purpose, and should not be lightly condemned. Necessity is laid pitiably upon them. Only let us not confuse them with what they are not. They are not representatives of our arduous profession. Excellence does not approach their classroom, and they are probably largely responsible for the low scale of salaries. As transient traders in knowledge, they compete with those who dedicate themselves professionally to teaching, and appointing boards are not competent to distinguish those who want the salary from those who want the work.

On the other hand, we must have observed how many of those who are ostensibly merchants are moved by professional impulses. I know a man who has always kept a village store. Old now and somewhat infirm, he has been obliged to sell out his interest in the little establishment; but still he hobbles to the store every morning and goes through the familiar motions there. I do not think he makes money out of his attendance; that is not what he wants. But he cannot be quite himself without shopkeeping. Americans

are said to be ever in pursuit of the dollar, and possibly this is true. But in an enormous number of cases it is the pursuit that is pursued and not the coin. In playing the game, playing it ingeniously, forcibly, honorably, beneficently, they find a fairer field for powers than in any other species of activity. Every one here knows happy merchants who have become accomplished gentlemen through their work, who have a high sense of public responsibility, study how to make their business help their city, and take the same pride in the quality of the goods they sell as you and I do in the way we conducted our last lesson. In spite of the newspapers, I find these men largely accepting the third of our professional conditions and recognizing a growing brotherhood of trade. They believe in right ways of conducting business, respect established standards of trade, and will forfeit personal gain in order to conform to such standards. Between such tradesmen and members of a profession I cannot detect a difference.

On the whole, then, I am obliged to conclude that the kind of work we do does not make us

professional men, but the spirit in which we do it. There is no fixed number of professions. One may be found anywhere, for professionalism is an attitude of mind. Wherever, outrunning the desire for personal profit, we find joy in work, eagerness for service, and a readiness for co-operative progress, there trade has been left behind and a profession entered.

We teachers should count ourselves more favorably circumstanced than most workers for acquiring this life-giving professional spirit. Wealth can hardly be said to be open to us, anything more than a bare living we renounce at the start. The difficulties of our marvelous art of thought-transference and the intimate relations we hold with a multitude of expanding and needy minds continually stimulate our interest and our altruism. So distinct, too, is our business, so sharply separating us from those for whom we work, and even from the rest of the community, that the sense of belonging to a consecrated brotherhood comes to us almost as a matter of course. Such an attitude of mind is no doubt more difficult for those who work confusedly in the mis-

cellaneous world. Yet may we not believe that our profession is prophetic and presents a type toward which all organized society moves? Surely when that Kingdom of Heaven for which we nightly pray is come, the mad scramble for personal profit will cease to enslave us. Each man will contentedly accept his special task as that in which lies his best opportunity for personal expression. Every man, too, will be studying the needs of his neighbor as inseparable from his own, and will consequently cleave to that neighbor, sharing with him his inherited knowledge, his own experience, and his guiding ideals. In those happy days we shall esteem all men of good will as our professional brothers, regardless of whether they are teachers, lawyers, scientists, or business men.

Believing as I do that teaching is a profession which thus illuminates all life, training us to sound method whatever we do, I warmly congratulate the members of this assembly on having found entrance to an occupation so glorious.

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